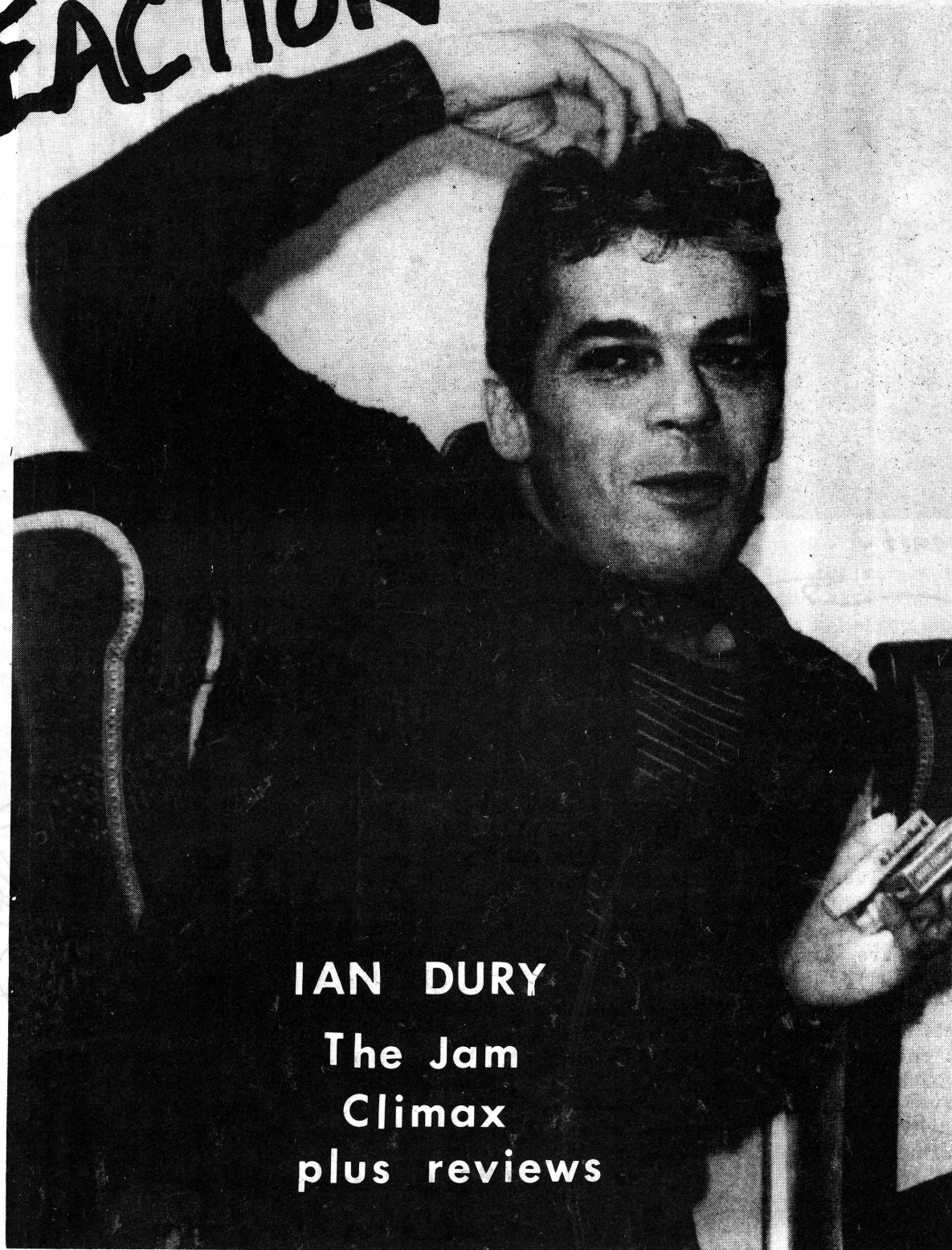


# NEGATIVE REACTION

-We got no values

No.1 Feb '77

20p



**IAN DURY**  
The Jam  
Climax  
plus reviews

# THE 2ND (second) PAGE

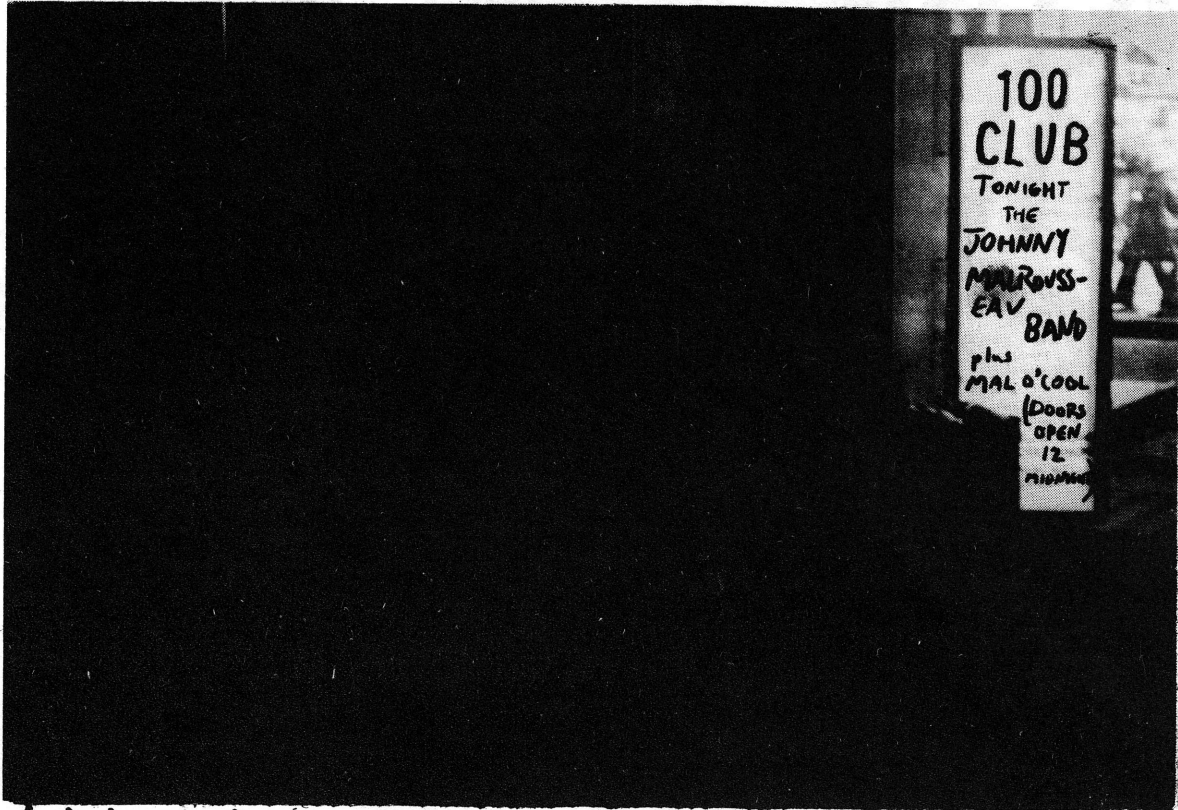


Photo by henri J

## NEGATIVE REACTION

was brought to you by  
JON ROMNEY  
CHARLIE JEWEL and  
N.P.PARKER

Thanks to : Martin (typing and white stuff)  
Clare and Renee (typing), Mark P-M, Shelagh, Liz  
Emma Dargue, Mark Edwards, and everyone  
else involved with selling this thing,  
to the guy in 'Remember Those Oldies',  
and to Pete Morrison of Broadsheet, to  
whom we are much indebted (to the tune  
of 70 quid).

We'd also like to gob on those who  
didn't do nothing to help us, or who  
just sneered. We hope your lobes drop  
off ....

(P.S. Art and graphics  
by all three of us -  
pretty artistic, huh?)



(Oh, sod!)

Front cover photo:  
Ian Dury does the Funky Gibbon  
All Dury pix by PAUL CECIL



# NEGATIVE REACTION

Issue No. 1 Feb. '77

## ENTROPY IN A BABYLON '77

This is an editorial, then, is it? Oh, right, shall we make it a good sneery one, or be nice to the reader or something — "Welcome to the magazine, hope you enjoy it?" Really, we don't care either way, we're so amazed to have got an issue out in the first place, struggling against the rising tide of apathy — the least you can do is buy it so as we can recoup our losses. Maybe we can even get an issue 2 out in a month or so. Anyway, we're already struggling against a duff title — one guy thought it sounded like a National Front journal, someone thought it was a Trotskyist mag and other people think it's a Which guide to pregnancy tests. If you've got any suggestions for a better title keep them to yerself, we'll only sneer at them — we got no values, see? Anyway, NR is the Idiot Bastard Son of 1976, so, to remind you how juicy that was, here's our selection of Hot Hits:

### Charles--Singles:

1. LITTLE JOHNNY JEWEL- Television (Ork)
2. ANARCHY IN THE U.K.- Sex Pistols (EMI)
3. NEW ROSE- Damned (Stiff)
4. So It Goes- Nick Lowe (Stiff)
5. E.P. - Bryan Ferry (Island)
6. Teenage Depression- Eddie & the Hot Rods (Island)
7. The Jam--no singles yet, but they're fuckin' brilliant, so don't miss 'em (how about "Ride your Pony" --Jon)
8. TVC15- David Bowie (RCA)
9. (Don't Fear) The Reaper- Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)
10. Blitzkrieg Bop- Ramones (Sire)

### Jon--Singles:

1. SO IT GOES- Nick Lowe (Stiff)
2. ALL ABOARD- Roogalator (Stiff)
3. ANARCHY IN THE U.K.- Pistols (EMI)
4. I Want More- Can (Virgin)
5. Little Johnny Jewel- Television (Ork)
6. New Rose- Damned (Stiff)
7. Dancing Queen- Abba (Epic)
8. Another World- Richard Hell (Stiff)
9. Blitzkrieg Bop- Ramones (Sire)
10. Single Bed- Fox (G70)  
& Cherry Bomb- Runaways

### Nigel--Singles:

1. LOVE MACHINE- Miracles (Motown)
2. NEW ROSE- Damned (Stiff)
3. HOT VALVES- BeBop Deluxe (Harvest)
4. Hurricane- Bob Dylan (CBS)
5. TVC15- David Bowie (RCA)
6. Gloria- Patti Smith (Arista)
7. Little Johnny Jewel- Television (Ork)
8. The Boys Are Back In Town- Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)

9. Love And Affection- Joan Armatrading (A&M)
10. EP- Bryan Ferry (Island)

### Jon's Album Chart of '76

1. STATIONTOSTATION- David Bowie (RCA)
2. AGENTS OF FORTUNE - Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)
3. THE ROYAL SCAM - Steely Dan (ABC)
4. KALEIDOSCOPE OF RAINBOWS - Neil Ardley (Gull)
5. THE RAMONES (Sire)
6. DESIRE - Bob Dylan (CBS)
7. JONATHAN RICHMAN and the Modern Lovers (Berserkeley)
8. RADIO ETHIOPIA- Patti Smith (Arista)
9. EVENING STAR - Fripp & Eno (Island)
10. HEAT TREATMENT - Graham Parker (Vertigo)

....And, finally, gig honours to Patti at the Roundhouse, Bowie at Wembley, Climax Blues Band at the Corn Exchange, and in and around London, The Stranglers, The Kilburns, Roogalator, The Derelicts, The Jam, and Nick Lowe. Dave Edmunds, Sean Tyla, Ian Dury, Paul Riley, Chas Jankel, George Butler, Uncle Bill Grundy 'n' all pubrock benefit at the Hope and Anchor.

Movie of the Year: Dunno.

TV of the Year: Pistols on "So It Goes".

Dance craze of the year: The Ruff Butla.\*

Best Read of '77: Negative Reaction Editorials

\* WHAT ABOUT THE POGO, THEN?

-Mal O'Cool

# I DON'T WANNA BE -the Ian Dury FLORA PURIM... interview

Street journalism reached panic point the day we went along to Blackhill Enterprises of Alexander Street, London W2, all ready to produce an extensive, indepth, hot scoop interview with Ian Dury, late of the fair and fine Kilburn and the High Roads. Lemme see, now, what've we got? Camera? Yep. And you brought your flash cube? Yep. Great...tape recorder? Yeah. And C-60 BASF Deluxe cassette with Can on one side, that I can re-record later, anyway... we brought that, didn't we? Sure. Great...that leaves the microphone... THE MICROPHONE!!! What! How could I be such a blind fool...All I've got is 200-odd yards of co-axial cable with a 5-pin plug on each end...well, maybe we could stick it in his mouth or something, maybe do the world's first intravenous interview? We tramp upstairs feeling stupid.

"No microphone?" says the lady from Blackhill, whose offices are jam-packed with quids' worth of tape-decks, speakers, Dolbys and all... and not one sodding mike! Stiff Records downstairs didn't have one either, but they gave us the consolation of knowing we could have done worse; the week before, someone turned up for an interview with no mike - no recorder - no nothing. Feeling marginally better

about this, we sit upstairs waiting for the guv'nor to arrive...

...when the door opens, and in comes Ian, leering and proudly displaying a carved walking stick to all and sundry. "At's an alpenstock, that is. What's this...Francis tells me you forgot the microphone?"

"Yeah, well..." I mutter, "I thought I brought it...hmm..." Well, we're all human, aren't we? Anyway, taking the situation firmly in hand, we retired upstairs for an hour or two, and while Ian gave a lengthy, detailed history of the Kilburns - 37 drummers in 4½ years - I scribbled away furiously to preserve the general flow for the benefit of the public. As a result, what Ian says here isn't strictly verbatim, but a good approximation drawn from memory - lots of hot libel 'n' juicy anecdotes along the way, which Ian didn't want us to print, more's the pity...also, every now and then, he'd illustrate a point with a sound or grimace so hideous and alarmin', like, that the human spirit blanches at it...some, with any luck, are preserved on celluloid.

The Kilburns' strange career began in 1972, when a bunch of odd individuals used to get up at art school gigs and play Alma Cogan numbers like "Davy Crockett" and "The Naughty Lady of

Shady Lane" - early members included guitarist Ted Speight, Saxist George Kahn, baseman Charlie Hart (later to join Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance) and drummer Terry Dane. The band's rise to notoriety began when Mr. Dury then an art teacher, ran into pub-rock mastermind David Robinson, now co-supremo of Stiff records, and Robinson started securing gigs. The Dury Theory of gig-securing: "It's quite easy, really, you just go round advertising yourself. It's like if you go up to a young woman in the street asking them to go to bed with you- 90% 'll refuse, but the other 10% 'll agree" (or was it the other way round?).





The band, by now featuring integral members Keith Lucas (guitar), an old pupil of Ian's from Canterbury, and pianist Russell Hardy, started the London circuit at places such as the Speakeasy (If you play there, you either get ignored or mince-pied. We actually got clapped!"), and pubs like the Tally-Ho and the Kensington - "It was horrible. You couldn't breathe for marijarny fumes (cross-eyed asphixiated grimace) and you'd get people coming up and pukin' over yer boots." At this time, the band were rehearsing, and practically living, at the Vicarage in Aylesbury, where the Dury household lived - all were on the dole, except Ian, who was still teaching - "until I got the sack for non-attendance."

Then, enter Charlie Gillett, who was struggling to get Oval Records together, with little success - the idea of a label based on Louisiana cajun was too esoteric for most distributors (even Blue Horizon turned it down), and so, Charlie, who reckoned the High Roads were a fair 'n' fine band took over thier affairs. On drums in came David Newton-Rohomon, who'd been in something called the Magic Rock Band and supported Heinz.

"E 'ad this amazing hit, all sorts of drums mixed up, Ludwig, Premier (Premier, he called them, he was West Indian), and they were painted white, with palm trees all over them. Amazing."

Fortunes started looking up - rehearsals got going in Brixton, songs started appearing by the immortal team of Dury/Hardy, a new bassist turned up, the towering Humphrey Ocean, and gigs got under way - this was mid '73, and the Charisma agency were giving the band a good push - a van, proper equipment, and they were even paying National Insurance. But the band were getting more serious about the music, and boredom was setting in - "Originally, we were really mad, on stage, and in the street, really peculiar. We all knew each other really well...like we'd walk down the street, and one of us'd just have to go like that (grimace) and we'd all crack up. We were mad - the sax player (Davey Payne) used to be a flasher on the Clacton train."

In late '73, the Kilbums got their first exposure to real vicious wheelin' and dealin'. "Pete Townshend saw us and gave us a support gig on the Who tour. We played 8 gigs with them, and 7 of our own, and then they said come and support us on our



Ian Dury

American tour - 14 gigs." So the band hung around for days, waiting for the visas to come through by Telex at the American Embassy - and meanwhile, tour manager Pete Rudge had taken out adverts saying: "Lynyrd Staynyrd are the only support band on the Who's American tour." The Southern shooters were Rudge's private concern, and this manipulation set the Kilbums back a bit. Humphrey Ocean left to take a holiday, and didn't come back - he became a painter, against the advice of high-power painting celebrity Peter Blake, who said: "What d'you wanna be a painter for? Play bass!" But Ocean didn't listen - and is now artist elect to such as 10cc and Wings. The crunch came at a gig on New Years Eve '73, at the Zero 6, Southend, when the band decided to start all over again, with a new rhythm section. 1974, here we go...

In came bassist Charlie Sinclair, formerly of Phoenix (not the Argent offshoot, but a soul combo featuring Roy St John, among others), and ump-teen drummers. A CBS contract was in the works, and recording started under the aegis of Geoff Haslam (that's right, the guy who messed up "Loaded"). Ian on Haslam's direction of drums: "E said - No, 'e's going uuuhghgh, when he should be going

Ker-uhn!" CBS fell through, eventually, but meanwhile, the rehearsals went on in the Brixton church - "We were playing in the church, and the Brixton prisoners were working in the crypt - the vicar told us to watch out, 'cause they kept trying to rip off our equipment. Then we had to stop playing while they had the service. At the end of the day, they used to throw all the tramps out. There was a pyromaniac who burnt all the hymn books!" What honest God-fearing folk must've made of a bunch of leering degenerates like the Kilburns, I can't guess! Millions of drummers answered the band's ads, and eventually Louis le Rose got job. Then, along came a contract from Warners' shiny new Raft label - the band got a minibus, PA, the lot. During the 3-days, the band were ensconced with producer Tony Ashton at Apple Studios, consuming salami sandwiches and lots of lager - but the album just didn't work. Anyway, one night, ther was a Raft do at Dingwalls, and the next day, the label folded - Ian was interrogated by a WB bossman, who said: "So...you're gonna be a superstar, are you... hmmm?", leaving the poor guy bemused. The next day, no label. Warner Bros.

then promised them a big party at the Swiss Cottage Holiday Inn (hi, Phyllis! - ed.) "With 20 hookers in the swimming pool. The week before they had 10 in the pool for some other band! We were saying, c'mon, what do we need 20 hookers in the pool for, I mean, we've all got our own things going, you know. But in the end, the president of Warners, Joe Smith, flew over - not specially, I mean-- and gave it the thumbs down, so that was Warners." On top of this, the agency situation was inaa bad way - the band had been overshadowed in Charisma by the Feelgoods and the Naughty Rhythms tour of '75. (Hang on - if it's '75, it doesn't really work out with the time scheme of this story. "No, I've got my times right") "Anyway, we were good mates with the Feelgoods, we had more aggro with Chilli Willi - it was nice aggro, though." So Gillett hawked the tapes around, to all companies except EMI, Decca and Pye, three they wouldn't touch with a bargepole; the only trouble was that no companies'd touch them with a bargepole, and in the end, Pye got the band...but that's jumping the gun - back to the story...

The band hit the road again, with no pianist, Hardy having left to become a carpenter at the Ritz or somewhere, and David Rohomon back on the tub-thumping. The gigs were getting better, and certainly more colourful,

# THE KILBURNS

I GOT A ROADSIGN,  
I GOT IT GOOD...



because the band had a new manager, in the short, round form of King's road entrepreneur Tommy Roberts, alias "Mr. Freedom" - Tommy knew nil about business, but a hell of a lot about showmanship. "He's like a second-hand car salesman - would you trust this man with your wallet? I did," says Ian, grinning, "I lost my wallet." Tommy vibed up the visuals by dragging in the services of Malcolm McLaren (oh my God! anarchy in Upminster '74!) who designed the band all manner of odd suits, out of pale blue Shantung silk (and never got paid, it seems). They even had sennery! Sinclair was lumbered with a Harrods grey schoolboy suit; he was only about three foot high, anyway. A point of controversy was the Dury get-up, a boxer's gown with "Billy Bentley" emblazoned on the back - "It wasn't like a Hollywood star thing, it was just meant to be a boxer's gown. But it ended up looking poofy, and Pete Erskine wrote about us in the NME, and said it was contrived." In fact, Erskine's



article fairly ripped the band apart, saying what a waste of talent it was, that the band had lost their vital spontaneity and immediacy, etc, etc. But the lunacy was still there, and it was helped along by the band's new keyboards player, Rod Melvin, who was once in a drag-rock act called the Moodies. "We used to do this Alma Cogan number called "10 Tiny Fingers", and it had a line that went - "He had a big bald spot on his nod, nod, nod." And Rod used to show the back of his head - he had this bald spot shaved on it specially. Then, at the end, he and Keith used to come on in drag." Visually, the Kilburns were amazing; they once blew Sha Na Na offstage with their clothes alone. Tommy used to wear gold lurex suits, and his introductions of the band have become legendary: "Ladeez 'n' gentlemen - lift up your skirts and pin back yer ears, for... Kilburn and the High Roads!!" Peter Blake once gave Keith a shirt covered in motorbikes; and then there was the story of his liquorice allsorts getup. "Keith had this shirt with pictures of liquorice allsorts all over it, that his girlfriend made for him - he got the material for next to nothing. Then one night we were sitting in a hotel room with Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts, and Bill says "I'll give you 50 quid for that shirt", and Keith says, "What??" So I was saying, "Come on, sell it, for Chrissake, 50 quid!!" So he did, and then there was a picture in one of the papers of Bill Wyman wearing Keith's shirt."

About this time, the band recorded the disastrous "Handsome", which was a tragic story from start to finish. Contracted to Dawn, part of the Pye empire, they'd put out "Rough Kids" as a single, produced by Chris Thomas - it made the NME Single of the Week, if that means anything; at any rate, it delivered the sort of knockout punch you don't often hear, the right mixture of sleaze 'n' grizzle. For the album, it was remixed, and came out considerably weaker. "Handsome" was produced by Hugh Murphy, who was singled out for attention for having messed up the production of the Kursaals' first. The production was limp and finicky, containing all sorts of irrelevancies - countless session men, and worst of all, the flattest backing vocals I've ever heard, donated by, among others, Tina Charles. "The backing

vocals were just flat. If you listen to Stevie Wonder's records, his backing vocals are amazing - he's got people like Minnie Riperton and Phoebe Snow. Well, they've got timbre, they've perfected it to an art... they're more than backing vocals." One of the problems was that the band themselves were somewhat pissed off with the material - they'd decided to record the same songs as on the Raft album, so all in all, the album's pretty lacklustre, and doesn't have anything like as much character as the band on stage - "The Roadette Song" suffers especially. Still, the songs themselves are nearly all winners, so grab a copy and check out "Pam's Moods" or "The Call-Up" - in addition, the Dury larynx is on top form, and there are plenty of good sax and guitar breaks. But there were hassles with Pye, as well, especially over artwork - the band only got one full-page ad, and Ian had to get it cobbled up himself for £9. Then there was the sleeve, for which Ian pulled out the stops - he commissioned the front portrait from his ex-wife Betty, and had to get babysitters for the kids so that she could finish it in time. Then he hired ace typographer Gordon House, who did the White Album, and who is the only one Paul McCartney will use - House got up a tasteful logo, and the sleeve was put together. - to little effect: "I scuffled like a maniac to get a good cover..it ended up like a Woolworth's thing... they used cheap cardboard, it wasn't properly laminated - I nearly cried."

The album sunk without trace; Ian is still trying to extricate himself from Dawn's grip - he's almost packed up the contract, but Pye now get 2% of everything he does - "The Pistols don't know what they're in for with EMI. I tell you one thing - I'll never work for Lew Grade again." The band morale was low; one night, Davey got fed up and smashed his saxes up on stage; Tommy Roberts slung his hook; and after their last gig, supporting Dr. Hook, the band split.

At this point in the interview, in walks a guy called Steve, who wrote the first ever Kilburns article in "Let It Rock". He sits down and takes off his jumper to reveal a purple smock. "Wossat?" gapes Ian. "It's Brazilian", Steve replies, "I cycled here in it." "You cycled here in that? It looks like something Tommy Roberts threw away", replies

Dury, before continuing the story. After the split, he continued writing songs with Rod Melvin - more recently, he's written with keyboards man Chaz Jankel, so I asked him why he always writes with keyboard players. "Well, I've got to write with someone who knows about music, so they can get the notes down, 'cause I can't play anything myself. Russell's main influence was "Worker's Playtime", that sort of thing, 'cause he used to work in a factory; Rod's influenced by hymns. But Chaz is more into rock 'n' roll, and that's what we're writing now." After the four months, encouraged by some hefty nudging by Dave Robinson, Ian and Rod, accompanied by Malcolm Mortimore, who had drummed in the last band, got the Kilburns going, and the new line up was revealed at the tail-end of '75, at the Hope and Anchor pub-rock festival. And what a band that was-together with the three aforementioned geezers, it featured saxist John Earle, who embodied the horrendous visuals of all the original Mothers rolled into one, guitarist Ted Speight from the first line-up, and basist Giorgi Gynysuik alias George Dinnersuit. I saw this band three times, and they were consistently ace, playing real fusion music; none of your Billy Cobhams and Chick Coreas - but jazz, rock as it was meant to be, a cross between Gene Vincent and Dan Leno. More about this band in a minute-but first a wrapping-up of the story-Rod dropped out to become a Scientologist, and the band went in search of a new pianist. Among the hopefuls were Geoff Castle a jazzier who can be heard on the brilliant "Kaledoscope of Rainbows" by Neil Ardley, and a reggae guy called Tesley, who was great, but who brought his brother, which caused complications; it seems the kid kept singing all the way through, leaving Ian dumbfounded. Finally, a guy from Plackett's hire firm recommended young hopeful Chazz Jankel, and the guy was so good he got the job pronto. All was going well until one day... Summer '76-shock announcement. Kilburns split. Part of the reason was money-Ian's management just couldn't afford to keep him and the band on the road. In addition, says Ian, "I had my contentions to contend with". These contentions took the form of a duff heart, which put him

out of action, by doctor's orders, for a fair time. He certainly put himself out on stage, jumping around, leering, sneering, pretending to piss into his pork pie hat, and, of course, bawling his guts out. "I used to twitch about for hours after a gig... they wouldn't let anyone in to see me. Like, Charlie Gillett...have you heard his show on Radio London? He goes hurdling on Clapham Common, and gets so fucked out he has to do the show on his back..."

"That's bullshit", says Steve.

"It's not bullshit, it's not!!!"

"Of course it is. You can't do that at Radio London."

"Of course you can, they got boom microphones."

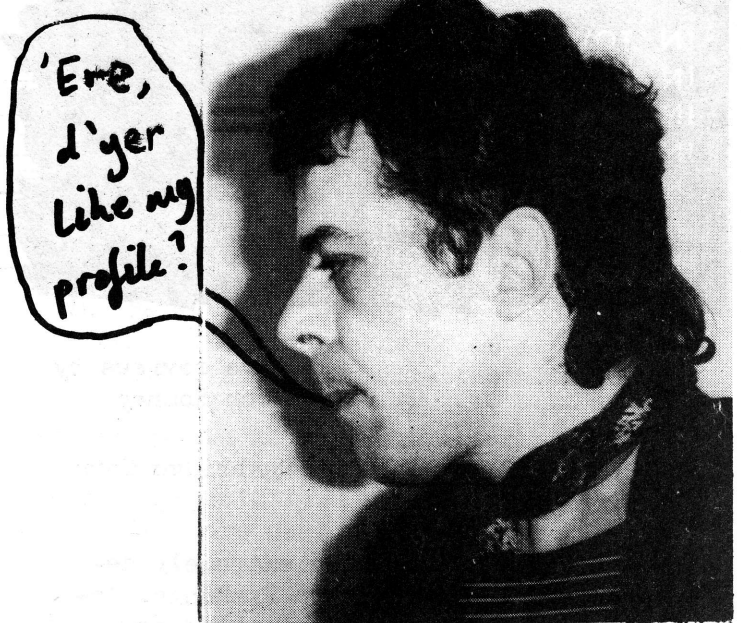
What happened to the rest of the band? "Ted was playing with Marian Montgomery again, at the White Elephant. He's also playing support to Emu at the Shaftesbury Theatre." Yeah, he looks like Emu, doesn't he? "that's right, he does. He phoned me up the other day-he slipped his disc the other day, getting out of a car, then he went round to some friends, who've got a dog, and he's got his face all swollen 'cause he's allergic to dog powder." Dinnersuit joined a band called the Kitts, and got to play the Cafe Royal. John Earle has done sessions for Graham Parker, and is currently in a band with Dave Rowberry, who replaced Alan Price in the original Animals, and drummer Roy Dyke-"I sent them a list of about 140 names. I think they're gonna call themselves British Road Services, which is good. Originally, they were called Telemache which is a bit of a non-starter." As for Mortimore, he's since joined Strider Mk.II and left them; he might play with Ian again some time -what a pedigree! He was in Gentle Giant at 16!

"I was really happy with that band. I was always learning-I like learning every day; I started singing at 29, and I'm still learning-I was gonna take singing lessons. But I don't wanna be Flora Purim." So what's happened since the split-Ian's only stamped the boards once since then, doing "England's Glory" and "Tallahassee Lassie" with Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe, Sean Tyla and co. for a Hope and Anchor Benefit (even Nick Kent was there, bopping discreetly in the corner). Mainly, he's been writing and recording demos with Chazz; guesting on some



of the sessions have been assorted Grease Band/Kokomo alumni and bassist Kuma Harada, of Gonzales and Cuckoo. Some of the sessions feature Ian on rudimentary drums-taping each side of the drumkit separately, like Stevie Wonder: "He just wacks the drums-ker-thump! As long as you put the boot in..." - and Chaz on about everything else. Iann played us tapes of tracks recorded live with Kuma and the last line-up, at the Hope and Anchor studios, under Dave Robinson's auspices. "You're More Than Fair", with its leering horns and a reggae beat, is pure filth-the most lecherous lyrics ever, as Ian enthuses about his lady's "titties-they're nice and small", and even clitor/s-do you think he could do it on Top of the Pops? The other is "I Made Mary Cry", about a nasty stabbing in a lonely bus-shelter - "I severed her hamstring", the villain wails to a pure '50s soda schmaltz backing, underlaid with sinister Gothic organ and the most unbelievable sax I've ever heard, from "Irish" Earle-sounds like the Clangers throwing an epileptic fit. These, or some others, might appear as a one-off on Stiff, which would be incredible-Dave Robinson was urging him to put out "England's Glory", his roll-call of great people that made the Empire what it was-"Frankie Howard, Noel Coward, Kenneth Home/Mortimer Wheeler, Christine Keeler, Frankie Vaughan." The song was offered to Ronnie Barker and Warren Mitchell, who didn't like it, and to Max Wall, who did, but who can't get onto Top of the Pops because he took a young lady to Jersey. As for further recording, Ian and Chaz intend to get 30 or so dynamite songs going, then get a band together and land a nice juicy contract.

Inevitably, the conversation turned to violence and punkdom, and Ian told us the story of his roadies. First, there's Fred Rowe, who, he says "is the best roadie in England-the best in the world,when he learns." Fred, being a hardened man, had the job of putting in a firm but (moderately) gentle handwhen necessary; he used to stop Ian falling offstage, and also catch mikestands. When Ian took it into his head to kick one over (he used to catch them at the last second, sometimes, and have Fred rushing in a panic to save it, all for nothing). The other roadie was



known as the Strangler- six foot six of beer and sulphate-'e used to strangle people at arm's length so they couldn't grub in". At the Marquee once, Captain Sensible and Rat of the Damned, started getting heavy, until they took one look at these hefty guys and backed away very politely. Once at Southhampton, a Hell's Angels burst into tears; so Fred just said, "I don't ever want to see you at a Kilburns gig again", and escorted him gently to the door-needless to say, he

didn't turn up again. Violence-on stage is one thing - "If you can't hate everybody, you can't generate energy. I used to insult the band on stage - later on, I just took it out on the microphone." - but violence off-stage is something different. "If you go and see the "Marat-Sade", how de Sade was murdered at harenton, well, that's about loonies and violence and sadism, but you don't mind gangsters having a go at each other, the hard men, that's like dinosaurs, that's just King Kong." But in the audience? How about a girl losing an eye at the Pistols gig? "When Nick Lowe and, what's his name, Michael des Barres wrote that song about the girl who got filled at the David Cassidy gig, Bernadette Whelan, I wanted to slap them round the head. As for the Pistols gig-I think Malcome's (McLaren) a bright bloke, but he doesn't know what's gonna happen-then he's got a weak answer."

How about the punks musically? The Stranglers, for instance? "I thought they were country and western." (Whaaat?) "You should never have to knock anyone- George Khan never knocked anyone, Charlie Parker never knocked anyone. Louis Armstrong knocked Charlie

*continued on page 12*

IN TOWN TONIGHT  
IN TOWN TONIGHT  
IN TOWN TONIGHT  
IN TOWN TONIGHT  
IN TOWN TONIGHT  
IN TOWN TONIGHT  
IN TOWN TONIGHT

Live  
Reviews

all live reviews by  
Jon Romney

CLIMAX BLUES BAND - Cambridge Corn  
Exchange.

There's something extremely depressing about the Corn Exchange. Apart from its obviously forbidding structure, it exudes an aura of total dead-end nothingness. For a start, there were the two burly estate agent types on the door, pillars of suburban respectability, who seemed totally out of place; they were just doing their job, giving the kids what they want - and a singularly tedious and thankless job too, judging by this audience, a sea of blue denim, not a spark of originality or style among them. These people divide approximately into two sorts; first, pretty much your standard beery lads, and second, Afghan-toting, joint smoking kinda folks, uh, wow. Both species listen unfailingly to Alan Freeman. Suffice it to say that there was a rousing cheer when the D.J. announced the forthcoming Hawkwind gig. Still, before I get totally carried away by snide misanthropy, let me single out a few remarkable figures in the audience, namely a pair of white-clad Italianate gays, two real Cherie Currie style sluttettes wriggling and giggling at the front of the stage, and a stoned wreck who looked like a 1966 New York junkie, in a protest singer parka - Allan - Ginsberg meets Marty Balin. Odd.

On the subject of misanthropy, I'd better not say too much about the ghastly supporting band, the Cyril Dagworth Players. They dress up in silly hats and boots, and give themselves names like Lord Joseph de Fagg or Captain Wild Jock McKlein, this latter being an unprepossessing oaf in a kilt - somehow like Ed Stewart metamorphosed into a Dundee postman - and given to roaring, grimacing and all manner of unsightliness. The music is pretty nondescript, although, in all fairness, they do have a passable line in vocal harmonies, as well as the occasional Byrds-style Rickenbacker sound from the Captain. No stage presence. E for Ennui.

A word about a couple of things on the turntable. Fleetwood Mac's US hit 'Rhiannon' is really quite beautiful, and not the MOR gunge I was expecting. And also a track from the much praised Steve Hillage, who'll have played the Corn Exchange by the time this is in print (no shortage of cosmic pixies there, I'll bet). His version of Hari Georgeson's 'It's All Too Much' is a real classic, with soaring phased guitar and an amazing drum sound, produced by startling Rod Tungsten. There should be a review of the concert in these pages some time.

Climax? Well, to tell the truth, I didn't really expect all that much. I'd liked the isolated album track here and there, but always been aware of the lack of strong identity, a tendency towards blandness. The band kicked off with an unidentified number segueing into 'Amerita/Sense of Direction' from their days on Polydor. It was almost an inauspicious start, since the melody lines were, at the beginning, fairly deeply submerged. By the end of the number, though, they were really on top of it. The strength of this band lies in their ability to shake things up at root level, while maintaining a steady flow of melifluous melodic inspiration. They're currently making it with a single in the charts, and deservedly so. They have a real pair of bona fide stars, the Messrs. Haycock and Cooper. Haycock is a real guitar hero to replace tasteless gimps like Trower and Blackmore. His wielding of a silver Batmask guitar is a joy to behold, producing an ice cool, stratospheric sound floating isolated above the band. His blues slide solo was a masterpiece, thundering away like ten thousand Mississippi bluesmen marching over the horizon, and ending up with a gutsy hoe-down, assisted by Colin Cooper on the harp. The aforementioned Cooper is unbelievable. Not only is he an immaculate dresser and possessed of a remarkable style - he looks like Neil Young without the stressmarks - but he sax work is unbelievable too, cooled out flowing brilliance. You should hear him and Haycock doubling or duelling on melody lines - a right pair of ace geezers.



Cooper's vocals are amazing too, rough and stoned like J.J.Cale on Southern Comfort. He stood out on 'Running Out of Time' and its slow bluesy follow-up, probably called 'Good Times, Good Times'. In the band's immaculate version of Willie Dixon's 'Seventh Sun' he sounded like Georgie Fame. The chart hit 'Couldn't Get It Right' was as smooth live as on record, and if they can equal that they can move mountains. 'Mighty Fire' was from the new album 'Gold Plated' and sounded like real Ten Commandments thunder 'n' lightning riffery

Climax deserve to be superstars, so buy their record pronto. They've been paying their dues since God knows when, and they deserve the riches and fame they seem to be getting at last.

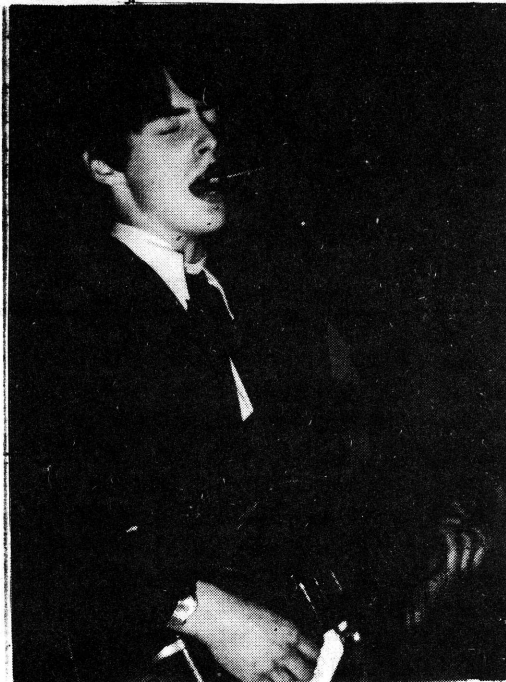
Looks as though they finally got it right.

#### THE DERELICTS/JAM 100 CLUB OXFORD ST.

The Jam exist on the borderline of punk. That is, they made the Melody Maker A-Z of Punk with a few reservations - 'Not strictly punk, but sixties revivalists', which they deny anyway. Nevertheless, they're firmly rooted in sixties soul and rock - the 'oo plastered all over Paul Weller's guitar, Motown, Ike and Tina and the like. And if you've never heard 'Heatwave' done by a threepiece bunch of psychotic teens, you're missing a lot. Reasons why you should support the Jam: One, they play like hell, with the guts of the Feelgoods and the technique of God knows what, vicious but loving, like. Two-they've got their vocal harmonies worked out fine - check out 'In the City', their opener and closer, or the Who number 'So Sad About Us'. Three-they look good on stage, with their mouldy pinstripe suits, white shoes and a look of psychotic verve, colliding into each other in mid-air, struttin' and generally being bad boys. Four-their material, which has the right mixture of melody and rhythm; their own numbers like 'In The City', 'Ride Your Pony', 'Changin' My Address' (at least, I think they're theirs), or 'Slow Down', 'Little Queenie', 'Heatwave', 'Back in My Arms Again', or even 'Sweet Soul Music', for Chrissakes - 'Do you like soul music?' 'Yeah!' They even turned the obligatory 'Route 66' into a showstopper, and got the pogoing going up front, and on their return visit a few weeks later, at the back, as well, were jumpers including three Pistols and an 'Ot Rod'. Deficits: One - they lean a bit heavily on the interpretative side,

which is a pity, 'cause their own stuff seems real promising. Two-their intros are a bit too apologetic. Be that as it may, they got lots of time to improve, and, in the meantime, if it's riffin' and rollin' you're after, latch on to these geezers.

The Derelicts feature two women, and three men, including ex-101'er Dan Kelleher, on bass; and they have a poster, which now graces my wall, featuring a clenched fist and the slogan, chanted by a stereotyped silhouetted couple: 'This prison of respectability/Has been designed for you and me/We've been framed for half our lives/Now let's gnash the bourgeoisie!', which Denis the Menace, Minnie the Minx and the cur Gnasher cavort about menacingly. Well, in fact this is only half the story, because the politic-



The  
Jam's  
Paul  
Weller  
at  
the  
100  
Club

28/12/76

al pose seems a bit irresolute, and if I hadn't seen the poster I wouldn't have noticed. True, the band have got a democratic line-up, with shared vocals, etc., and there is at least one song about sexual roles, and the previous bassist did write for 'Spare Rib'.....but what stands out about this band is that they really, by God, they really, rock. Their sound is really rough and raw, so that while their playing is more controlled than the Jam, who kinda slash away, their sense of subtle dynamics has got sore, frayed edges (am I getting too inneleckshally pseudy?) Like in the first number, where the guitars give a jerky pause, and drummer Richard Williams - who looks dangerously undernourished - thumps on, as if he was caught not paying attention - which he obviously was, 'cause it happened twice. Bar-

(cont. next page)

Parker once-but then he apologized. Chaz is open-minded, he's a musician. He went up to the Pistols at the bar once, friendly like, and he asked them, "What's all this business with Bill Grundy, then?" And they started giving him stropky answers. I said, "'Ere, what's this? You can't talk to him like that, he's a musician. I met the New York Dolls, they were really nice blokes, Johnny Thunder's a nice guy. Danny Adler of Roogalator, he's a musician; he's been working solidly for four years. I saw the Ramones-I couldn't tell one number from the other. But I like all that 1-2-3-4!! That's real West Side Story".

As the conversation came to its end, Ian proudly passed round his alpenstock for general inspection. On top, there's a Swiss banker in tweed cap and lederhosen, parping away merrily on flugelhorn. "Are you going to be playing that on stage, then?" I ask, "have a herd of mountain goats as backing band?" "Ian Dury and the Edelweiss?", suggests Steve.

"Cor blimey", says Ian, "that's an idea."

- Jon Romney

(cont. from last page)

bara Gogan plays rhythm in true garage band style, and sounds just like Patti Smith. The other singer, who, if I read Sounds right, is Sue Gogan, stands about looking bored and vicious, but sings like she means every word of it. It's a mixture of their own material - but not enough of it for their identity, musical or political, to really make itself felt - and standards, which they play like hell - 'Shakin' All Over' with the original juicy lead riff; and Lou's 'Rock 'n' Roll'. Two of their own songs really stand out (and I hope to God they are their own, otherwise my credibility as a critic goes straight down the drain) - a heart-rending sexual paranoia blues, with Sue complaining, 'You're no good in bed, and it's no use givin' head', and a real anthem called 'Free the People', a reggae-type shake, with John Studholme playing ace slide. (I tell you) if they put this out as a single, it'd be the first politically committed Top Tenner since Lennon bit the dust. If they could bring their commitment more directly to bear on the music, with more self-penned stuff, the Derelicts would be near perfect. As it is, they're currently one of the finest bands playing the street circuit. And I can't say fairer than that.

-Jon Romney.

# The JAM



Bruce Foxton, bass(right)

AFTER a really fantastic show at the IOO Club we went to find the members of the JAM. Eventually we were able to corner Pube (who Plays Drums) in the cold, noisy changing-room of the IOO club Oxford Street. God knows where everybody else was, but we got talking about the band and its history.....

They've known each other for a year and they've been on the road, getting about one booking a week since the summer. After a lot of changes in the line-up at the beginning, things have sorted themselves out and now they're a regular three-piece.

N.R.: Do you wanna become famous?

PUBE: Yeah, it's just a matter of being recognised. Don't wanna go 'round in silks and Rolls Royces. Just wanna be... recognised.

N.R.: The Pistols are getting big - but in a different way.

PUBE: It's a big anti-climax with the Pistols, really. I don't want to talk about it. There's nothing in the papers now. No-one will pump money into them if there's no response.

N.R.: Have any record labels shown any interest in you?

PUBE: EMI were interested before the Pistols got signed up and as soon as they were, EMI just didn't want to know.

N.R.: A lot of bands are getting a backlash from them - are you suffering at all?

PUBE: Not really.

N.R.: NME and MM say you're a punk band, but Sniffin' Glue put you down as sort of.....?????

PUBE: I don't think Sniffin' Glue puts us down at all. We're not a punk band. The papers put down the word 'punk'. We just happen to play on the same circuit as the rest of them. We got lugged in on it. But at least we got their audience.



N.R.:What about Anarchy ?

PUBE:This Anarchy is in the music more than anything else.It's not a threat to the Government so it's not really Anarchy.

N.R.:Then what are you trying to put across in your music ?

PUBE:A few of the songs have messages - like there was one with the sex-competent bloke.....

ho

N.R.:How much of the stuff is your own?

PUBE>About 90% ,I suppose.

Bruce walks in (Bruce is the bassist). We decide that the music drifting in is just too loud for our poor tape-recorder so we move to the street - standing in a shop doorway (bloody cold too!)

N.R.:Do you try to make your music in a 'Sixties format ?

Pube:We're not fuckin' revivalists,no way. Just 'cause half the bands wear safety pins and we wear 'Sixties clothes.

BRUCE:We're based around the ' Sixties.

N.R.: Influences ?

BRUCE:The Who and the Small Faces which is why we were going to bring in a keyboards player. But we got the Small Faces sound already and it'd be more hassle than it's fuckin' worth.

N.R.:Do you get compared to The Feelgoods a lot ?

PUBE:We did at first with the suits and that. When we first started as a three-piece, that was all we could knock out. So we dropped numbers like "Goin'Back Home".We try not to get associated with them.

N.R.:How about the Soul numbers ?

PUBE:Yeah , we've done "Heat Wave" and Ike and Tina Turner's "Misunderstandin'!"

N.R.:Do you go out of your way to do Motown stuff and adapt it to yourselves?

BRUCE:Not really. Some numbers work out O.K. Some don't. I think they fit us .Obviously as a three-piece there's a lot we can't do.

N.R.:Are you employed?

PUBE:Yeah, we've all got jobs;quite respectable citizens,really.I'm an electrical inspector and he's a printer.Really mundane boring jobs.This is the only chance to get out and enjoy ourselves. The best gig up here was at Chelsea football club. We make nothing out of it , but we do it for prestige and the main point is we

fuckin' enjoy playing up here. It's where we wanna play.

N.R.:What about touring?

BRUCE:No. Well we got a few dates with Bob Story, but as far as putting on our own tour is concerned, we just couldn't do it we ain't got the gear or the finance.

N.R.:Do you attract a big star following

PUBE:Donnow, we only really know the Damned and the Pistols. Haven't seen Clash for ages. We're out on Stix, so the only time we get to see people is when we play up here, once, twice a month.

N.R.:Do you try to put over any image?

BRUCE:Paul (lead guitar and vocals) tries to project his image all the time . I'd like to...

PUBE:You're just a fuckin' bastard. You just wanna have you fuckin' hair cut. You don't wanna go to work and say to everybody "AaaaH"....

BRUCE:Ah fuck it.

PUBE:It really does get on your tits. Where we live. You walk into a place with your boots on and they just think you're out of the grave. Really stuck up bunch of cunts. They're all discos and cripples down there.

BRUCE:It'd be bloody easy, your image, if you lived up here like most of the fuckin' bands, 'cause the rest of the cunts take the piss out of you.

It seems they do not like the people where they live (who does) but we have to leave for our next appointment. Apologies for Paul's absence and we wish them luck - they fuckin' deserve it .

transcribed by

charlie jewel

& jon romney



Pube, alias Rick Buck(drums)

# Albums

## BOWIE

low - david bowie -RCA

I ONCE knew a girl who bought the absurdly naive "World of David Bowie" album by mistake and proceeded to excuse herself by saying that she thought he had gone downhill ever since. I also know a guy who recently parted with £30 for two even earlier albums, made when the Jean Genet of rock music was only 19, which he, naturally, regards as the best things Bowie has ever done.

Everyone seems to regret the passing of David Bowie from one era to the next and people lament the fact that he didn't remain Ziggy Stardust or Aladdin Sane or just David Jones. So I'm sure many tears will be shed over this latest offering by those who loved Bowie - Kool American Soul Singer because the anorectic idol has changed direction again.

Using broadly the same musicians as on the last two albums, with the notable exception of Earl Slick, and the notable additions of Brian Eno and Iggy, Bowie has produced an album which, like Diamond Dogs, seems caught between two worlds. On one side we have the tail end of the soul craze, similar to Station to Station though even more manic and abrupt; and on side two we learn why Brian Eno was (or wasn't) necessary to usher in the new softer music. Because of this careful segregation of the old and the new, the feeling of change is immediately and deliberately brought home. There is no question of a drift, just a straight swap - "If you like the soul parts you can like the others too. Why be so afraid to find something new?".

To continue at the beginning...side one opens with "The Speed of Life" which might be to do with a Life of Speed or the side-effects of the Cocaine...or maybe not. It's very reminiscent of early Roxy tracks, and is even more raw and discordant, some of the synthesisers sound like tuneless fairground organs. At first, like most of the album, it sounds simple, almost banal, but in fact it is an extremely complicated pattern of sound built up of simple four-or-five-note melodies.

In nearly all the tracks the music remains at the same intensity throughout; no more of the Slick, howling feedback-solo build-ups, but short, direct pieces which rely more on musical complexity than inst-

strumental virtuosity. There really is a great deal of musical Event on this album and each listening reveals new sources of interest and excitement.

"Breaking Glass" is the nearest Bowie comes to straight funk - spare, dark vocals over an explosively rhythmic bass-line, with more atonal synthesiser from the enigmatic Mr. Eno. "What in the World" is truly strange, with a backing track so evenly mixed down that it sounds as though the whole thing is played on one instrument. The simplistic urgency reminded me of "Baby's on fire" and other gems from Eno's first album.

"Sound and Vision" is the best on the side, with a long bass intro, Arps wailing like sirens and two or three Bowies moaning beautifully. "Always Crashing in the Same Car" is a spaced-out track which reminded me of the Bonzos...."Be My Wife" features snotty London vocals and a jerky honky-tonk piano, similar to TVC15..."New Career in a New Town", another instrumental track, abbit like "Groovin' With Mr. Bloe," this one...must be the harmonica...trilly ice-rink music, with all synthetics courtesy of Eno. again.



Side Two is something else, apart from just being Side Two, of course... Warszawa (Warsaw) is the track for which Eno did the music and Bowie wrote (?) the "wordless vocals". The track opens with some ominous growlings from a synthesiser and piano, gradually supplemented by meandering flute-like melodies which give the optimistic beauty to set off Bowie's tortured vocals, an interesting experiment.

"Art Decade" is indescribable textural experimentation; soft string-sounds, bizarre click and pizzicatos,

could.  
over there →

# LOW



## PLUMMET AIRLINES: Silver Shirt (Stiff)

Produced by Sean Tyla for the Dansette Wrecking Co., it says here, but this isn't really about to wreck mine. It's a rather wimpy countryish ballad, rasped out quite convincingly by the singer, who might be Harry Stephenson. It's definitely the lamest thing on Stiff yet, which is a pity, but that still puts it miles a head of your average rank slash. Side 2 is infinitely better, though; called "This is the World" it's an exposition of a stoicly Epicurean attitude, or, "This is the world, take it or leave it". Why, I can take it or leave it each time. Nice guitar on the end, too. They should have flipped it.

And now, since we're such moth-eaten punks, the next three records are reviewed from hearing on the radio....

## STRANGLERS: Get a Grip on Yourself (UA)

Dunno who produced it, or what the B-side is, or anything. Still, it's the first classic single of '77; the Stranglers' traditional opening number is an ideal choice for their first hit 45. Lots of Roxy-style organ from Dave Greenfield, and a really sinister synthesiser break, unless it's treated guitar. Hugh Cornwall spits out the lyrics (and if you've ever been on the receiving end of a mouthful of "Schoolma'm", you'll get the point---flob!) This should shake the kids up like "Virginia Plain" did in '72. Get a grip on yourself...buy it...

## JOAN ARMATRADE: Down To Zero (A&M)

I don't care if this isn't hardcore enough for you, it's still a good single. Joan sings in her usual gut-ridden style, and although it isn't as striking as "Love and Affection", it's still better than any other well-produced-singer-songwriter-plus-session-men stuff (boring LA philosophers, for example). This record proves singles can be sensitive and still have a gut.

Here's something even more sensitive.

## RACING CARS: They Shoot Horses Don't They (Chrysalis)

This may well be a bit too sensitive for some of you, in fact, being tender' n' well crafted, like, with acoustic guitars and gentle singing, in which case, screw you. It escapes being coy, despite that dumb roll-up, roll-up circus

organ trick again, which ruined so many good records. Anyway, this is a hot single, and you should all buy it and support tender, sensitive Welshmen, including John Cale. (But Charlie says: this single is really crap--- it's so slow, weepy and predictable). Finally, we got a trick one...  
DAVID BOWIE: Sound and Vision (RCA)  
I hope they make this one the single. It's brilliant. Play the album...low.

## LOW - continued

weird howls and quiet tricklings, with a spongy sort of rhythm track in the very farthest background - great for Brain Exploration. "Weeping Wall", as everyone must know by now, is part of the sound-track Bowie wrote for "The Man Who Fell To Earth", which was never used. It sounds like an archetypal Eno track, and I was quite surprised to discover that Bowie had done it all himself, though the influence of Eno is obvious. This is the best track on the side, guaranteed to make you Drift Away faster than any Rock'n'Roll.

The final track on this side is "Subterraneans" which sounds, in places, like an orchestra tuning up (well, somebody had to do it). The most notable feature is a sensitive and rather esoteric sax solo from the great Man Himself which fits in remarkably well with the subtle vocal harmonies.

And that's it, the collaboration between the thin white duke and the man who did for music what Pinter did for drama is in your local record store - should you buy it? Do not be misled by the title, and anything else you may have read, into believing that this is an album of despair and depression. It isn't. Nor is it a nihilistic invitation into a soulless and characterless future, as some alarmists might have you believe.

"Low" is an album for when you feel low; it gives you two alternatives:- either you want to stop feeling low, in which case you listen to side one; or you sit back and enjoy it, by listening to side two. It is not only possible to like both sides, it is almost impossible not to. Try it, you might get into some thing new.

-N.P. Parker

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